TO MOST, THE LETTER X STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. THE UNDERWORLD IS NO EXCEPTION. FOR PEOPLE WITH EVIL INTENT, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE HIRED GUN WITH NO PAST AND A BURNING DESIRE TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST AND HIGHEST PAID MERCENARY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS...

AGENT X

WRITER GAIL SIMONE ART AND COLOR ALVIN LEE, ROB ROSS, OMAR DOGAN, THEREALT!, SHANE LAW, CALVIN LO, & KEN SIU-CHONG UDON CHIEF ERIC KO
LETTERS CORY PETIT ASSISTANT EDITOR LYNNE YOSHII
EDITOR ANDREW LIS EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA PRESIDENT BILL JEMAS

ALEX

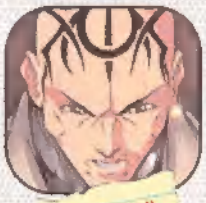
SANDI

TASKMASTER

OUTLAW

DEAD MAN'S SWITCH PART FOUR:

INVISIBLE



HIGASHI

SAGURI

MARY ZERO

PREVIOUSLY

EXCERPTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF ALEX HAYDEN:
NOTE TO SELF: MAKE CONCENTRATED EFFORT TO UNDERSTAND CHICKS. POSSIBLE CLUE TO MY UNEXPECTED SEX APPEAL = "WASHING". INVESTIGATE VARIETY OF SOAPS, CONTINUE SCRUBBING AT REGULAR INTERVALS.

TODAY = GOOD DAY. SINCE I SHOWED UP (WITHOUT ANY MEMORIES) AT HOUSE OF SANDI BRANDENBERG, LIFE HAS MOSTLY BEEN VARIETY OF STAB WOUNDS INFLICTED BY BIG DUMB JERK TASKMASTER, SUPPOSEDLY MY 'TRAINER,' BUT, AS STATED BEFORE, ACTUALLY JUST BIG DUMB JERK, OR B.D.J. FOR SHORT.

SANDI HELPING ME IN GOAL TO BECOME BEST MERC EVER. TRUST SANDI ALWAYS COOKS GOOD, DOESN'T STAB, EXPLAINED IMPORTANCE OF WASHING.

B.D.J. SENT ME ON DOUBLE-CROSS MISSION. MET OUTLAW, NICE GIRL, SMART, VERY SERIOUS ABOUT TEXAS, ENJOYS HATS. BECOME GOOD FRIENDS. GOOD, GOOD, GOOD FRIENDS. MUCH WASHING FOLLOWED.

TODAY, ANGERED CRABBY CRIMINAL REAL ESTATE GUY HIGASHI AND HIS ENFORCER, SAGURI. BOTH IMMUNE TO MY CLEANLINESS SOMEHOW.

THEN I WENT ON FIRST REAL PAYING JOB, WAS HIT BY HUNDRED WIENERS. MET GIRL NAMED MARY ZERO WITH WEIRD MUTANT PROBLEM...PEOPLE FORGET SHE'S AROUND. LIKE WALKING AMNESIA CARRIER. DECIDED TO GO (AFTER WASHING) TO CLOSEST RESTAURANT TO EXPLAIN NO-DATING-CHILDREN POLICY...

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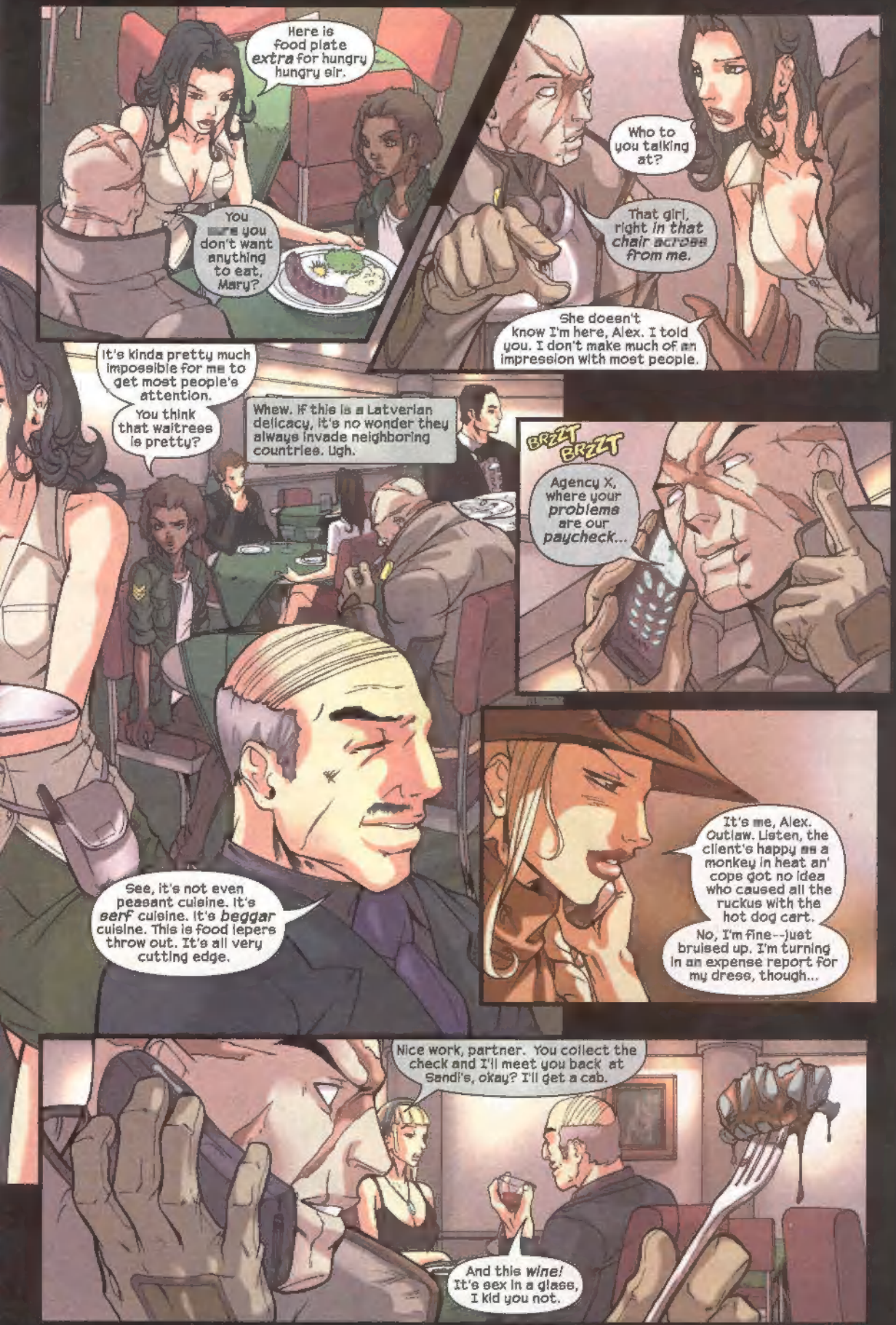
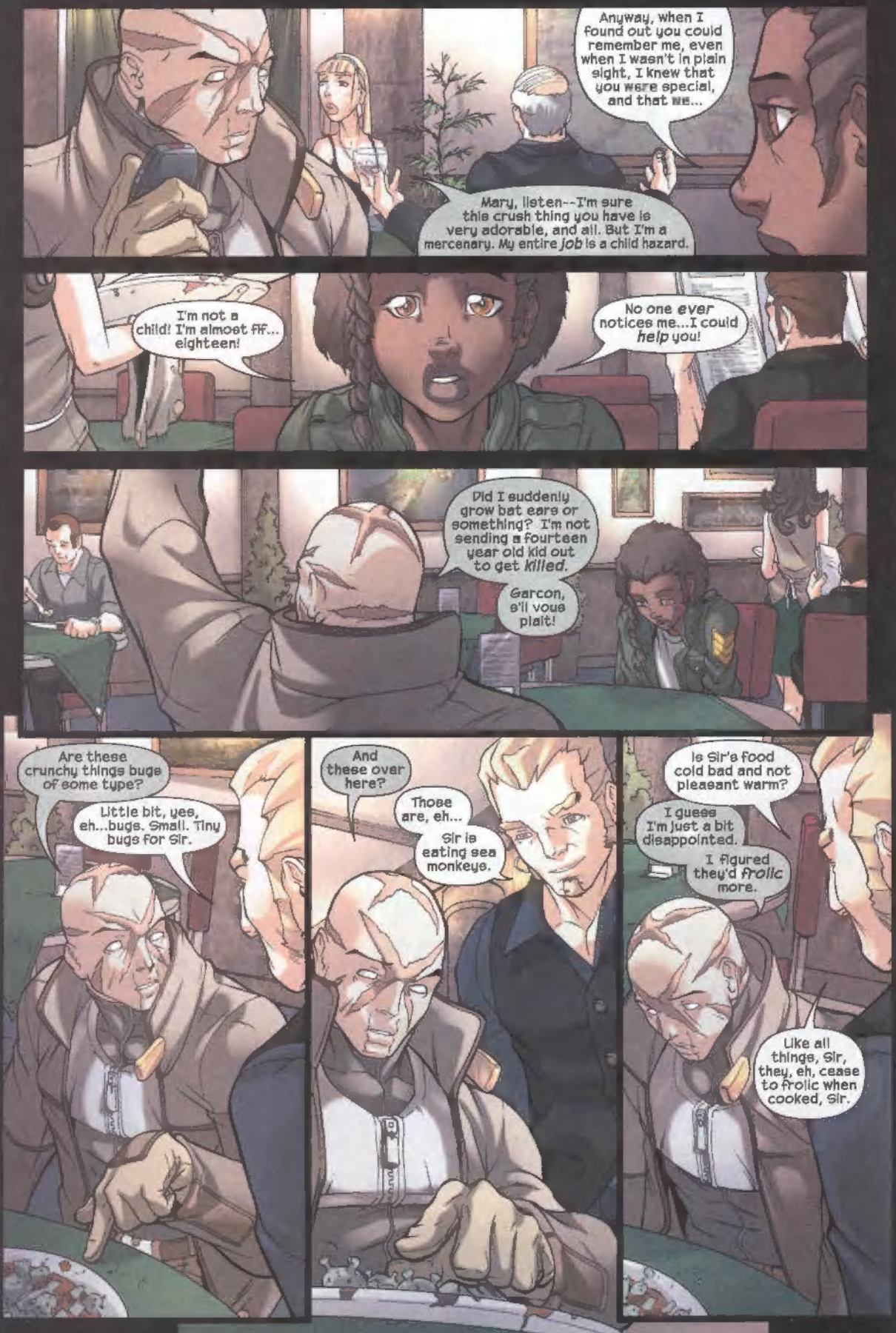
Luscovic's International House Of Skâbâ Putra.
I knew I should have ordered the Rooty Tooty Green and Goaty special, but I was embarrassed to say it aloud.
Look, would you quit staring at me like that?
I like to watch you eat.
It's giving me performance anxiety.
...really must try this krepiach ...I swear, it's like sex on a plate.
I'm all aware of my tongue now.


Here is food plate extra for hungry hungry sir.
You sure you don't want anything to eat, Mary?
Who to you talking at?
That girl, right in that chair across from me.
She doesn't know I'm here, Alex. I told you. I don't make much of an impression with most people.
It's kinda pretty much impossible for me to get most people's attention.
You think that waitress is pretty?
Whew. If this is a Latverian delicacy, it's no wonder they always invade neighboring countries. Ugh.
BRZZT BRZZT
Agency X, where your problems are our paycheck...
See, it's not even peasant cuisine. It's serf cuisine. It's beggar cuisine. This is food lepers throw out. It's all very cutting edge.
It's me, Alex. Outlaw. Listen, the client's happy as a monkey in heat an' cops got no idea who caused all the ruckus with the hot dog cart.
No, I'm fine--just bruised up. I'm turning in an expense report for my dress, though...
Nice work, partner. You collect the check and I'll meet you back at Sandi's, okay? I'll get a cab.
And this wine! It's sex in a glass, I kid you not.


Anyway, when I found out you could remember me, even when I wasn't in plain sight, I knew that you were special, and that ME...
Mary, listen--I'm sure this crush thing you have is very adorable, and all. But I'm a mercenary. My entire *job* is a child hazard.
I'm not a child! I'm almost fff... eighteen!
No one *ever* notices me...I could *help* you!
Did I suddenly grow bat ears or something? I'm not sending a fourteen year old kid out to get *killed*.
Garcon, s'il vous plait!
Are these crunchy things bugs of some type?
Little bit, yes, eh...bugs. Small. Tiny bugs for Sir.
And these over here?
Those are, eh...
Sir is eating sea monkeys.
Is Sir's food cold bad and not pleasant warm?
I guess I'm just a bit disappointed.
I figured they'd *frolic* more.
Like all things, Sir, they, eh, cease to frolic when cooked, Sir.

How come they're not wearing little crowns like the picture on the menu?
Sea Monkees
Eh, the crowns, they fall off when boiled, sir, as do most jewelry and fashions of the head.
Food like this should be savored, my lovely young companion. It should be tasted, and enjoyed. The senses should be overwhelmed 'till sated in full...
That's it.
I don't like when people talk in restaurants! You think we all want to hear your crappy pick-up lines? It's gauche!
And another thing...
...food is not sex.
Say it with me.
...
FFFOD LFF NOF FEXX!

Good. It's important to know the difference, or you could have a terrible waffle iron accident.
No amount of smooth maple syrup will help you then.
Sorry about the mess.
You... you...!
Sir never come here no again never! This very important customer is! Genius is!
He is make the popping-up ads for the computer internet!!!
Oh, no.

I'm never eating there again. It's gauche. They had lobster in McNugget form!
Lucsovic's International House of Sicilia Pizza
Plus, the customers are flimsy and easily damaged.
What are you doing?
I was looking at your butt.
It's awesome.
Stop it. I'm not even sure that's legal.
It's party pie.
It's vicious 'licious.

And it doesn't bother you that I think you're nuts?
It's nice to have someone think I'm something.
BZZZT! BZZZT!
Hello, Agency X, where, for a fee, we can EX your EX...
Hello again, Mr. Hayden.
Ugash
I'm very sorry it's come to this, Mr. Hayden. Our positions in our fields are remarkably similar. But I'm afraid you've left me no option.
I have a man with me. He's an expert in all things incendiary. A specialist, if you will.
Do you know where we are, Mr. Hayden?

"I'm at the very center of your beloved park."
Damn! Damn! Damn!
Wait! Wait for me!
He's gonna burn it. To the ground.
Outlaw's got the car ...Oh, man.
Who's gonna burn what? Where are we going?
Get outta that seat, Ace.
What, did you think I was gonna steal the Volkswagen?

BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
Okay, everyone, just calm down, and everything'll be just creamy filling.
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
See, folks? We're doing great. Just a nice drive through town.
If this were any more damn leisurely, I'd have to get golf pants.
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
Lady, it ain't your stop, so quit yanking that cord or I'm gonna rip it off, wrap it around your neck and pull it till you come to a full and complete stop.
You've made a real bad decision, lady.
Man, those sea monkeys can really come back on a guy.

I do not approve.
I'm in no danger here, Saguri. He's not yet a devious man, for all his anger. He believes I am his amusement park.
That's not what I mean, and you know it.
Your position as our Lord is still perilous. Any sign of weakness...
This isn't weakness, Saguri. What I'm about to do requires great courage. Where is Wei-san?
Hai, Higashi-sama.
...
What is the meaning of this?
I have undergone tonsure and branding, Higashi-sama. To show respect. For you.
Several of the men have done so, as well.
Try not to look too self-satisfied, my Lord.

DING DONG

DING DONG

Oh, no.

Open the door, please, Miss Brandenburg...

Oh, Alex... *please* be close to home!

BZZZT! BZZZT!

Here, answer this. I'm trying to concentrate on my *driving*.

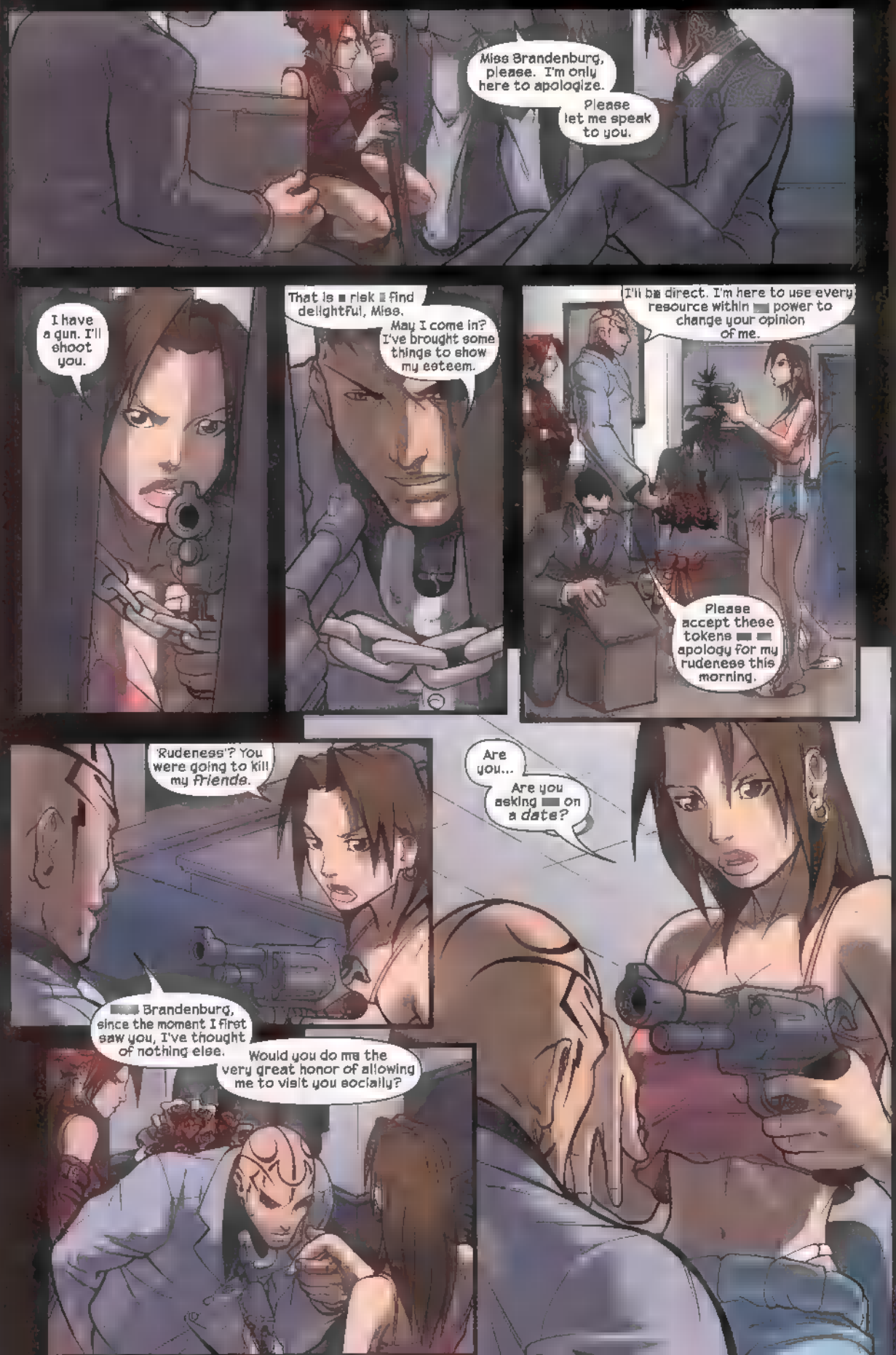
SKREEEE

Hello? Who is this? Are you the girlfriend?
I don't know if you can even hear [redacted] voice...
But he told [redacted] to tell you to get lost. He never wants to see you again. He said you're fat and...and...
...and we're in love.
Wrong number.
Okay, this [redacted] - everyone out! It's been absolutely revolting meeting you. You're all a disgrace to public transportation.
Get out, bus-ridin' weirdos!
Parking Lot A - B
You, too. Out.
...but...!

Someone should call the Fire Department...
I don't think they're coming.
I just did. They said they knew all about it.

KRAKK!
Crap.
Taskmaster was right. I *am* an idiot. I walked into my own asseassination.
SPAK!

Where's the shooter...?
Uhhnntt.
KRAK!
Well, that makes at least two. It's nice to have *hard data.*
They're playing with me. Making it last.
I'm going to [redacted] surrounded by rancid grease and congealed cola syrup.
KRAK!
KRAK!
KRAK!
HOT
This would be a *good* death...
One of 'em has altitude.
That *kid's* still got the phone. Can't call for *backup.*
KRAK!
All right. Here's the deal.
I'll surrender, but you have to let the corndoge go free!
HOT DOGS
The corndogs never hurt nobody!


Miss Brandenburg, please. I'm only here to apologize.
Please let me speak to you.
I have a gun. I'll shoot you.
That is a risk I find delightful, Miss.
May I come in? I've brought some things to show my esteem.
I'll be direct. I'm here to use every resource within my power to change your opinion of me.
Please accept these tokens as my apology for my rudeness this morning.
'Rudeness'? You were going to kill my friends.
Are you...
Are you asking me on a date?
Brandenburg, since the moment I first saw you, I've thought of nothing else.
Would you do me the very great honor of allowing me to visit you socially?

AAAGGGGGH!
It's time to admit I have an anger problem, and I'm not just biased against pigeons, either.

Is this wise? You have promised our board the land she owns with her partner.
I don't care about the land. She's worth any loss ■■ accrue. She, Saguri, is ■ *woman*.
You wouldn't understand.
Of course I would *not*, Higashi-Sama.
Our Lord has failed us all. Proceed with the ambush. Kill Hayden. Dispose of the body.
Hai, Saguri-san. We have him cornered...
Speak to no one.
GUHHHKKKK!
The massive head wound--choice of a new generation.

CLICK
AAAAH!
Nice place for a sniper's nest. Right by the access ladder.
We're going to test your loyalty. Hear that rumble?
"I started the coaster's auto run. These are illegal now, I gather."
"Far too *dangerous*."
So, you can make for the ladder now, and live, or we can shoot it out, and if you win, you get hit by the coaster train running fifty miles an hour six stories up.
Happiest place on Earth, man. S'up to you.

Loyalty's a funny thing.
You never know who's got it and who doesn't.
'Til someone chooses their *boss* over their *life*.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
死ね！
タコ頭！
You should have chosen to *frolic*.
WHAAMMM!

Alex! I thought that was *you!*

Well, now *this* is interesting.

Huccc... hrrrrkk.

What's wrong? Why are you making that noise?

hrrikk.

I thought there was almost *no limit* to my healing ability.

Alex?

Guess a bullet lodged in the *trachea* cancels *all bets.*

Guess even a freak like *me*...

awuhhhh. wuhhhhh.

Needs to get... oxygen...to... the...bra...

Alex!

No. Oh, please. No.

Please, please send an ambulance *right away* to Alpi...
911 Operator. Hello? Hello?
He's *dying!* Send an *ambu...*
Is anyone there? Hello?
NOOOOO!
You have to help me...please, call for an ambulance.
♪ Why, tell me why, did you not treat me right? ♪
He can't *breathe*. He's not *breathing!*
Please. Please.
Help me. Anyone.
TO BE CONTINUED!